

PARIS NIGHTS

THE MERRY WHIRL OF THE WORLD IN STORY AND PICTURE

April
25 Cents



THE Miss Deane

By LAURA JANSEN

IN OUR MAIL BAG

Readers, Here Is a New Thought

Editor, PARIS NIGHTS:

Have long been a reader of PARIS NIGHTS. It has my line of good stories and I like them.

Have just read some letters from some other girl readers.

Let me suggest that we girls like to see the pictures of men the same as men like to see us. Can I look for something in your early issues? Something on the order of your picture of Venus and Adonis in your January issue.

It appears to me that you men are always too heavily encumbered by clothes to be ready for action. How could the Doc in "The Love Cure" give a good remedy so encumbered?

I. WOOD.

The Poor Girls!

Editor, PARIS NIGHTS:

I bought my first copy of PARIS NIGHTS and I think it is Great! I don't intend to miss a copy from now on. I saw Elizabeth Norton's letter. It is the first time I knew girls of her age got spanked. I am just over eighteen years of age and a senior in high school, and I frequently get a spanking. Several of my friends about my age also admit that their mothers spank them. Some are spanked with a ruler, while others get it with a strap or rod. All these girls are afraid of a spanking, and I do not blame them, for I know how it feels when mother spans me. She uses the old-fashioned method, and when I have been impudent or disobedient, it isn't long before I find myself lying face down over her knees. All my tearful pleading and promises are of no avail. She turns up my dress and loosens and arranges my other clothing so that I get what she calls the "maximum effect," and then, picking up her hairbrush, she spans me forty or fifty times, as hard as she can. Of course, I try to break away, but in spite of my squirming and kicking, mother easily holds me and applies that stinging hairbrush to the lower portion of my anatomy while I howl in pain. When she lets me up, I resolve to be good, and although I try hard, I have been spanked at least once a week for the past year. Some weeks mother has turned me over her knees two and three times, and I vividly remember one time when I was given a sound spanking in the morning and then, for further impudence that same afternoon, mother gave me a much harder spanking and sent me to bed.

I really try hard to be good and obedient, but it seems that something happens sooner or later which mother thinks should be punished by the hairbrush method, and she quick seizes me and gives me the spanking. She spans me for the smallest offense, and I think sometimes she does it just to show her mastery over me. Her spankings hurt me so, but yet I know I cannot escape them as long as she can get me over her knees. What do some of your readers think? I hope I won't be spanked until I'm twenty-eight. I would like to know what other girls get spanked for and how their mothers spank them, for I don't think any girl gets whipped as often or as hard as I do. If any girl can tell me how to make my mother stop spanking me, she will have my deepest appreciation.

M. H.

And Here Is Another!

Editor, PARIS NIGHTS:

I am very interested in the stories of girls who receive spankings. I am twenty years old and live with my aunt, who runs a hotel. She keeps a thick, hardwood paddle in a little room on the top floor, and the least little thing I do she takes me up there and gives me an overdose of it.

I get it on an average of three times a week, and it hurts me terribly and I cry like a baby. And that seems to be what aunty wants, as the more it hurts me and the more I cry, the better she seems to like it. I am most awfully opposed to it personally.

EMILY FREEDMAN.



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Parisian Paragraphs



JAMES: Give till it
hurts.

MATTIE: You cruel
thing.

Join the Navy and see the girls.

* * *

They call her Burlesque because she takes off everything!

* * *

A large proportion of the closed cars seem to be sex-cylinder.

* * *

It's an old maid's nature to expect most anything and to receive—nothing!

* * *

A silk worm is the chap who buys stockings at ten dollars a pair for a warm baby.

* * *

Some cars should be called "Puritan Maids"—it takes so long to get 'em warmed up!

* * *

Girls who used to go to church to show their new clothes now go to show their new garters.

* * *

Girls who used to dry their clothes on the rear veranda now hang them on the towel rack.

* * *

The modern miracle is when an auto driver slows down to let a pedestrian pass without a stop signal.

* * *

Many a jeweler putting rings on a flapper's finger to decide a purchase wishes he was a hosiery salesman.

* * *

We used to wonder why a woman should be called a rib until we tried hugging some of the skinny flappers.

* * *

Now that the girls are going without underclothes and stockings, it would be nice if they'd learn to go without meals.

THE *Miss Deane*



Falsely Accused, She Leaves America for Paris—Finds It Hard to Lead a Good, Honest Life—A Temptress Appears and Shows Her a Way—Her American Sweetheart Goes to Paris to Find Her—But Read the Story.

By LAURA JANSEN

THE Boulevard des Italiens was almost deserted on that bleak winter day. Mary Deane hesitated before burning her last bridges. She looked up at the bepowdered and rouged face of Diane de Lys and her big brown eyes took in every detail of the girl's gorgeous figure, which towered over her and seemed to crush her with the weight of sin. In the little face of Mary Deane, where hunger and want were written in bold lines, flitted the ghost of a smile.

"Well, dearie; have you made up your

mind?" queried Diane, a note of impatience in her sweet voice.

She was all her looks implied, this beautiful and expensively gowned young woman, thought Mary. She was Diane de Lys, sweetheart of the Duke d'Alencon—she was beyond the pale. But then, she, *The Miss Deane*, was also an outcast.

"I'll go," snapped Mary.

"Fine, dear; now let's get some clothes," and, motioning to a passing taxi, Diane ushered her diffident companion inside and



Father found us together. I refused to explain things.

chatted briskly. Mary, having burned the last bridges to the road of respectability, felt a great weight on her heart. A tear trickled down her wan cheek.

At the Galleries Lafayette Diane deftly picked out suits, gowns, negligees, silken hose and underthings. Mary protested: "But, Diane, I can never pay it back."

"Rot," laughed her companion, "with your look of innocence, those big eyes and that soft voice you'll soon get a friend. Then, you'll pay me back."

"A friend?" and the big eyes questioned.

"Why, a Johnnie, don't you know?"

Mary nodded, a slow flush mounting to her pale cheeks.

The saleswoman laughed discreetly and hung on Diane's lips for further orders. Mary then became conscious that two women were gazing at her with horrified disapproval written on their well-groomed faces. They were Americans and the girl's first impulse was to greet them with a smile, but the light died out of her eyes as dribbles of conversation floated over to her: "She must be going under fast—wonder who that woman is—half-world—sure—that dreadful affair—too bad—so young."

Sensing that something was wrong, Diane, her kind soul fired with an ardent desire to help this poor little derelict, whom she had known at school, pressed a filmy garment into Mary's hands. "You'll like this one, dear? Yes; all right; we'll take it."

With a resolute toss of her head, Mary bent

to look at the bit of gossamer, determined to blot out that awful thing which she had vainly tried to live down—and couldn't.

THE Salle Schmidt was crowded. All fashionable Paris, London and New York, all the Grand Dukes in exile, Marquesses and Grandees, all the nouveaux riches and the old of the new world, seemed to have gathered at Monte Carlo.

Count Carlo Ripoletti, last descendant of a famous Italian family, Secretary of the Embassy at Paris, adjusted his monocle and stared at the two women whose entry was creating a ripple of curiosity. Turning to his companion, a fat and jolly Frenchman, he said: "Who is that girl Diane has in tow?"

"A new recruit, I suppose. Diane loves to launch them."

"Looks shy and sweet and far too wholesome for *that* kind of life," opined the Count. "Let's go over and meet her."

Diane's ready smile flashed. Count Carlo bowed low.

"Dear Carlo, I want you to know my little friend, Mary de la Dene."

"Mary Deane," and the girl's eyes flashed proudly, correcting her companion; on no account would Mary sail under false colors.

The Count smiled. "It does not matter, dear; names don't mean anything here—but Diane likes fancy ones."

They had drifted to the tables where a few players were stacking five franc pieces. The game was rather slow and uninteresting. The Count spied three vacant chairs, took the one nearest the chef de table and insisted on having Mary sit next to him.

The croupier smiled at the Count, who was a faithful contributor to the employees fund box, whenever he won. The monotonous sing-song of the croupier went up: "Gentlemen, faites vos jeux, Rien ne va plus."

Mary, bewildered, watched the little white ball for a while, then allowed Diane to explain the game to her. A good-humored voice over her shoulder said, "A new recruit?" And Diane answered, "Yes; pretty, isn't she?" The Duke did not reply, his passionate black eyes clearly told that for him there was only one beautiful woman in the world and that was Diane.

The Count helped Mary dispose of her five

franc pieces. The first one she placed on red. That color came out and, acting on her companion's advice, Mary left her stake. Red came out seven times in succession and Mary, having left her stakes stood to win three hundred and twenty francs.

She was delighted. Why, it was so easy to win! If she could get that much money every day she need never worry about the future and the horrible suggestion made by Diane would fall through.

Luck stood by Mary all through the evening, but she played only after careful consideration. When she decided to leave, Diane was the center of an animated group near one of the immense windows. Count Carlo, seeing the girl's embarrassment, slipped his arm through her own and murmured, "Come on, dear; I'll take care of you."

"Thanks," replied Mary gratefully, forgetting her position and what the Count thought she was. Diane saw Mary leaving with her escort and flashed her a "Fine." She thought Mary was lucky indeed to have drawn a real Count for a first venture.

At the Hotel de Paris, Mary got her key and, offering her hand to the Count, said quietly, "Thank you, Count; it was nice of you to see me home. Good-night." She turned, entered the lift, leaving Count Carlo staring after her retreating form. "Well, I never," murmured the Count, twirling his moustache. Then with a chuckle at the girl's cleverness, he swung on his heels and went out.

In the privacy of her own room, Mary counted her money. Seven hundred francs. She had at last found a way to make a living. Gone were the ugly days when she had lived in a dingy closet of that awful house at Rue Razarin in Paris, tramping the streets through rain and cold, in a vain search for work.

Her education had ranged over music, painting and a little dancing. She might teach, but no American family would take *The Miss Deane* and no French family would consider her without references.

Gone were the dreary, endless days with hunger numbing her brain, with despair clutching at her heartstrings. She blessed the day she had met Diane, she, whom as a junior at college had been worshiped. Yet, that day, in a flash of intuition, she had known that Diane had strayed. . . . Everything had

stamped her as of the half-world. Her powder and her rouge, her clothes and her ways. But who was she, Mary Deane, to criticize another girl—she, who was an outcast, too!

Morning found Mary's heart filled with new hope and a great zest for life. Everything here was so beautiful and restful. The sun shining on the blue sea mingling with a bluer sky, the flowers and the greens, the subtle atmosphere of wealth and illicit love, and the eternal clink of gold in the shadows of the marble palace of chance.

The girl was leaning on the stone wall of the Terrace overlooking the Trapshooting when a soft voice at her elbow roused her, "Pretty early; aren't you, dear?"

"Hello, Count," and Mary turned with a smile.

"How about lunch at Ciro's, little girl?"

"Fine, I'd love to," and Mary's eyes danced.

All through the luncheon Mary puzzled out a glimmer of amusement which she detected in the Count's eyes. It seemed to say, "Well, what is your game, little girl?" She reflected that, while the Count's manner was perfect, his courtesy was different from that showed to her at home—before . . .

Diane came in with the Duke and was at once the cynosure of all eyes. She swept past Mary's table and whispered, "Fine, dearie; keep it up."

Mary flushed uncomfortably under the Count's cynical smile.

In the days that followed Mary saw much of the Count and little of Diane, who, having initiated her protégée to her mode of



Dad turned me out of the house that night.

living, promptly left her to her own devices, much to Mary's comfort. Diane was kind and lovely but—so very conspicuous.

The Count's devotion increased. Many were the presents of jewelry that found their way to Mary, although at first she protested against this extravagance. The Count insisted that it was the custom at Monte Carlo to patronize Jewelers every time the Goddess of Chance had been kind.

Mary had become a well-known figure at the Casino and in Monte Carlo, where she soon was called Mary de Roquebrune. Luck still favored her at roulette, but having once suffered the pangs of hunger, the girl decided that it would be wiser to reduce her expenses, so she moved from the Hotel de Paris to a quiet villa at Roquebrune. It had three charming rooms with large windows and a quaint terrace near the sea. She engaged a maid and spent many happy hours. The Count had placed his car at her disposal, she accepted it gratefully and it made the daily trip to Monte Carlo a pleasure.

To Count Carlo, Mary was a puzzle. So far, he had not gotten near intimacy with her. She was constantly with him, he dined at her villa, took her home after her session at the Casino, kissed her on various occasions, but there was a line he could not cross. She baffled him, she fascinated him. Her air of purity, her startling clothes and more make-up, her association with women beyond the pale, all of this stamped her as one of their class—and yet . . .

Matters, however, could not endure much longer so. Mary felt it and dreaded the day of the impending crisis, yet she kept steadfastly on, driving and dining with the Count,

trying to forget the past, to obliterate that which would have some day to be faced.

THE Café de Paris was crowded that afternoon. Tea was in progress. The orchestra was strumming a languorous waltz. Mary, dancing with the Count, swayed gently to the rhythm of sensuous music, smiling into the face of her companion. Very soon they had the floor to themselves. Mary, all unconscious of the gossip regarding her affair with the Count, smiled on.

Flora Detaille, of the Varieties, turned to Jack Duolos, her leading man. "This Mary de Roquebrune, she seems to be doing well?"

"Yes; Count Carlo is most devoted."

"She looks cold. All those Americans are like snow and ice. It's a shame that a man with so much money should throw himself away on that little cat."

An American, sitting close to them, looked up. He did not understand French very well, but he resented the comment. Then another voice smote his ears, *The Miss Deane*—what a shame—such a pretty girl, too—but then—he has lots of money."

"They say she is . . ."

"Nonsense, my dear," broke in a beautiful contralto voice, "I don't believe a word of it. She looks the picture of innocence."

The young man turned round and looked straight into the eyes of a middle-aged woman, beautifully

gowned, whose face, somehow, seemed familiar. Then a man slapped him on the shoulder, "Jack Stanton, well, I'll be . . . Come over and meet my aunt, Mrs. Carlton. She has heard so much about you."

Jack found himself being introduced to the woman with the kind eyes and understanding



*Diane left Mary to her devices,
much to Mary's comfort.*

voice and he liked her at once. The music had stopped and Mary ceased dancing, a little breathless, flushed, staring with unseeing eyes at the throng, conscious that people had been talking about her.

The Count skilfully piloted her through the maze of tables and as she passed that of the Carlton party, Jack stood up, barring the way, "Mary, Mary Deane!"

She flushed, then her face blanched under its paint, and she looked at him with defiant eyes.

"Mary, at last, I'm so glad," Jack burst out.

Then sensing that something was wrong, looked

helplessly at the party drinking tea. Mrs. Carlton alone was looking at the girl with a kind smile, the other members were deep in conversation apparently oblivious of the girl's presence. Harry Kent, Jack's intimate friend was making some frantic

signals which he failed to understand.

The Count put his hand on Mary's arm and whispered, "Come, dear," and she suffered him to lead her to their table sheltered by big palms. There she slumped into a chair, held her hands over her face while two slow tears trickled down and splashed on her crimson gown.

Deep silence suddenly seemed to descend on the room. The leader started his orchestra with a crash, startling, after the tense quiet.

"Why—what—that was Mary Deane," gasped Jack, sitting down heavily.

"—de Roquebrune," mischievously piped the shrill voice of Lorna Gray.

"What do you mean?" Jack's eyes snapped.

"Nothing, of course. The girl is Mary Deane, you dear boy. You were away when it all happened, but, have tea with me some time and I'll tell you the story," broke in Mrs. Carlton.

"Let's dance this," said Harry, taking little Miss Gray by the hand.

Jack gave Mrs. Carlton a long glance, but her eyes were veiled. Then he lapsed into a moody silence.



In the privacy of her own room, Mary counted her money.

"You see, dearest," and the Count's voice was soft and pleading, "this cannot go on. I love you; be mine; I know there is a past, but I don't mind it. We all make mistakes. I promise to

take good care of you. There is a pretty villa outside Paris, a car, maids. . . ."

"But your father? . . ." faltered Mary.

"He never interferes. You will be my chum. Of course, some day, I'll have to marry, but that need not trouble you. You and I can be happy in spite of it."

"Yes—I forgot . . ." mumbled Mary and broke into a storm of sobs. Finding that he could not quiet her, the Count, who hated tears, left her to the ministrations of her maid

and said, "I have been very patient, dear. Remember, I am not a saint and—I love you."

She did not hear him. Sobs shook her slender frame and she rocked back and forth in an agony of grief. How that meeting with Jack had shown her the gulf between the present and the past! Jack Stanton. How she had loved him, longed for him, hoped for the words that she knew must be said.

It was on the eve of his departure for California on an important case. "Sweetheart," he had whispered, crushing her to him, "be a good little girl and when I come back I will tell you something." She had yielded to his kiss, she had clung to his lips as if she could never let him go. For days after he had gone, the memory of that kiss stirred deep longings. She had waited for his return in a dream of ecstasy. And then—she shuddered at the thought.

A discreet tap at the door and Claire, the trim French maid, entered. Mary dried her eyes hastily. "A gentleman, Madame. An American."

It is Jack, flashed through Mary's brain. She could not see him. She could never tell him the truth.

"I cannot see anyone. I have a headache," said Mary.

Claire withdrew. All of a sudden the portiere was flung back and a man stood on the threshold.

"You . . ." gasped Mary, shrinking as the spectre of the past confronted her.

"Hello, sis," smiled Billy Fenton. "Irene's on her way to Monte, so I came to warn you. And—oh, hang it, Mary, I love you. I want you."

"Marry you!" shrieked the girl. "I'd rather die."

"Your mistake, my lady," sneered Billy, "if you can love your Count, I guess you can love me, too," coming closer to her. She shrank from him.

"Some day you will beg men on your knees to be good to you, when the others are through with you, then I'll refuse. . . ."

He flung himself out of the room. The portiere swayed for a moment and the girl was alone. With a scream she collapsed and fell headlong on the floor.

"Mary, I don't know what happened back home, but I love you and I want you to marry me—if you feel you can still do so. . . ."

They were standing among the ruins of the old castle of Roquebrune where Jack had tracked Mary. The girl had avoided him for a week, seeking peace in the hills, trying to forget through physical fatigue the terrible pain that kept tugging at her heart.

She looked fearlessly into his eyes: "You know that I am called Mary de Roquebrune, that . . ."

"I know all that, but—I still believe in you. If you feel you can be my wife and the mother of my children, then—let's go to the old priest here and get married right away."

"Jack, I . . ." She was sobbing on his shoulder, her head buried close to his beating heart. He tried to quiet her, kissing fragrant tendrils of hair that the wind had loosened. . . .

A patter of feet echoed through the ruins. Voices drifted over to Mary and she shook herself free of Jack's close embrace. A party of tourists came into view, led by the old keeper. With a look of dumb terror, Mary recognized the ladies who had been with Jack that afternoon at the Café de Paris—and also the leering face of Billy Fenton. A dashing girl, with daring clothes and much paint, hung on his arm, palpably fascinated.

The party halted when they saw the couple. Jack made a step toward Mrs. Carlton, who was the center of the group, and taking Mary's trembling hand into his own, dragged her to meet his friends. But with one accord, they turned their backs on him and hurried away, all but Mrs. Carlton. She stopped a moment, took Mary's quivering fingers into her own and said, "Child, if you ever need a friend sorely, come to me. Jack will give you my address, but—don't do anything rash," and was gone.

The echo of their steps had long died and still Mary could not stop weeping. Upright against the moss-eaten wall, hands flung high, she was sobbing her heart out. Jack stood leaning close to the girl, wondering what had happened back home to make an outcast of his sweetheart.

He remembered that when he had come back from his trip West and had hurried to her

(Continued on page 41)



It is easy to understand why boys go out at night, especially a starry one, when one is apt to find Doris Hill taking a stroll, as pictured above.



"Don't be like that!" you'll say when you look at Nancy Carroll. Isn't she saucy—and tempting?



Evelyn Brent, Paramount feature player, in her idea of a dark-eyed vampire who ruled her kingdom and ordered John the Baptist beheaded. Watch your head—not your step.



To see ourselves as others see us—that's all.



They say clothes make the man, but our lady would look better in diaphanous togs.



Gina Palerme, star of the Moulin Rouge, Paris, in one of her striking poses.



Agnes: "What did you do when your sugar daddy threatened to throw you over?"
Mabel: "Oh, I just took it like a man, dearie."



A designing figure—or, better still, a well-designed figure—the drape, please.

Kisses in the Dark

*Lucille, Yes, Two of Them, Both
Kissed and Much Perplexed,
Vexed and Then Reconciled.*

By CLYDE YOUNG



"Come in softly, mon cher," whispered a feminine voice quietly.

IF LUCILLE and I had not quarreled while at Monte Carlo this adventure of mine would never have taken place. But we did quarrel, and as a result of it, Lucille left immediately for Paris, where divorces are notoriously easy to obtain. Instead of jumping off Suicide Rock, as my friend, Anton D'Arsy, had first suggested—in order that he might later prove his friendship by persuading me not to do so—I followed Lucille on to Paris. For all of her bad temper and our two years of married life, I was still very much in love with her.

That was how it came about that a week

later Anton and I sat in the tea garden of the Hotel St. Petersburg, and while Anton watched the chorus girls in their risque costumes doing a delightful Can-Can dance, I watched the haughty blonde head of Lucille on the far side of the garden. Several times she had looked in my direction, and once she had smiled faintly. But for all of that I knew she would not speak, for she was as strongly under the impression that I had been the cause of the quarrel as I was that she had been to blame. I could tell from her manner, however, that she was quite willing to forgive and forget if I would only make the first advance. But I was equally determined that some of the forgiving should be done by me, and there the matter rested for half an hour.

At the end of that time my Spartan spirit left me, and to save myself further torture I considered her sufficiently punished. Penning a lengthy note to her, in which I declared my undying love, I asked her to come to my room as soon as possible in order that I might demonstrate the full depths of my affection. After a few of the endearing names in the note had been made even more endearing to suit the artistic taste of Anton, I signaled the maître d'hôtel—when one is in love nothing but the highest will do—and dispatched

the note to Lucille by him. I silenced his protests about the matter being against the regulations of the hotel with a five-franc piece.

Breathlessly I watched him as he crossed the crowded tea garden, then my heart seemed to stand still as he stopped at the table next to Lucille's and, under the pretext of pouring a glass of vin ordinaire for a blonde-haired girl who sat there, he passed the note to her. He looked at the girl's burly companion for a moment, then turned in my direction and winked wisely. I answered the salute with a wave of my fist.

"Good Lord, Anton!" I exclaimed, "he has given the note to the wrong girl. A fine example of head-waiters you have here in Paris!"

"But, mon ami," protested the imperturbable Anton, "is the girl not pretty? And look at her big escort. Is he not the very personification of jealousy? Ah, you Americaines! Never must you recognize the artistic setting for a grand affaire."

"But for Lord's sake, Anton; I don't want an affaire, as you call it. Neither do I want some other girl. All I want is Lucille. Here, loan me your pen again while I send another note. Maybe we can find a garçon who isn't as stupid as the maitre d'hotel."

"Of a certainty we shall, mon ami. But why send the garçon? I have no quarrel with Lucille, and is it not possible that I can tell her better than your note of the longings that are in your heart? Bah! Stupid and brainless pig that I am, why did I not think sooner? Go to your room, Andre, and I promise that she shall come to you in a few minutes, loving you better than ever before."

"Anton, you're a godsend!" I declared, as I arose from the table and thumped his back affectionately. "Don't forget to tell her how re-



The room was quite dark, and for a moment after I entered I could distinguish nothing.

pentant. I am and how much I want her to come back."

"I am the good liar, *mon enfant*," replied Anton with a laugh. "Also that girl who received your note is sitting near Lucille, and she is most exquisite!"

Leaving the matter in his hands and feeling sure of a favorable outcome, I left the tea garden and went up to my suite. For more than ten minutes I waited, then came a timid knock upon the door. Believing that Anton had accomplished his task of convincing Lucille that I wanted her more than anything else under the sun, I rushed to the door and flung it open. The hallway was a bit dark, but not too dark for me to miss catching sight of a mass of blonde hair and two large blue eyes.

"Lucille!" I exclaimed, and without waiting for further ceremony, I gathered her to my breast and covered her face with kisses. For several long moments I held her tight in my arms, then put her at arm's length to see her dear face. Instantly I became like one paralyzed, for it was not my Lucille, but the blonde girl to whom the *maitre d'hotel* had given my note.

For nearly a minute I stood staring at her, too stunned to speak or make apologies. Then the girl smiled and spoke.

"*Merci, Monsieur*, but you make many loves to me most quickly!" she declared in a delightfully exquisite voice, though I was still too stunned for it to have any effect upon me. Then, when I only continued to stare at her in silence, she snuggled a bit deeper in my arms and murmured softly. "But I like it very, very much, *mon cher*!"

"I—I'm afraid there has been a slight—er—mistake," I finally managed to say. "The *maitre d'hotel*—"

"*Oui*, that blundering cow!" declared the girl hotly. "He was most indiscreet in handing me your note. *Monsieur* my husband almost saw him. But there is no need for the worry, *mon cher*, for I made quite sure that Pierre did not know of it. He is quite jealous of me, is my Pierre, but he cannot make love to me like you can. Do you truly love me as much as you say in your note?"

"Why I—that is, the note—" I began, still too unnerved to explain the situation to her coherently. The fact that she had a jealous

husband did not make me feel any better about the matter, either.

"Ah, *oui*, the note was for to make the introduction," she interrupted. "I understand, *Monsieur*. But how did you know that my name is Lucille?"

"I didn't," I denied, beginning to feel a little more sure of myself and intending to explain everything to her so that she would leave the room before my own Lucille came or her husband discovered where she was. "Lucille is the name of the girl I love better than anyone else in the world. I had—" But again the girl interrupted me.

"Ah, *Monsieur*, it is so sweet of you to tell me that. You guessed my name because it is one you like, is it not?" But before I could deny that it was so, she continued: "If only Pierre could do and say such clever things. But I shall forget Pierre when I am with you, that I shall promise you. Kiss me again, *mon cher*."

Without waiting for me to take her in my arms, the girl put her hands behind my head and drew my face down to her own. For a brief moment I looked into her eyes, then, because she was very pretty and her lips were quite close to mine, and because I was not an abnormal man, I kissed her. Or, rather, I only half kissed her, for as my lips met hers the door was flung open and Lucille, followed by Anton and the burly companion of the girl I held in my arms, entered the room.

Instantly the girl freed herself and tried to hide behind me. For several long moments there was an unpleasant silence, then my own Lucille spoke.

"So!" she declared. It was all she said, but it was too much. Placing one hand on her hip, and tapping a dainty little foot on the floor, she stood eyeing me accusingly through narrowed eyes.

"But, Lucille, you don't understand," I said. "It—it's all a mistake. I—"

"*Madame* may not understand, but I do, *Monsieur*," interrupted the burly companion of the blonde-haired girl, whom I guessed to be her jealous husband, Pierre. "*Monsieur*, I feel sure, will grant me satisfaction."

"Satisfaction?" I repeated with a frown of perplexity. "You mean for me to pay you heart balm or testify as co-respondent in a divorce case?"



"Ah, my Andre, I saw and heard everything, and you were so wonderful!" she exclaimed after I had kissed her several times. "I shall never forgive myself for doubting you."

"It shall be my seconds and not my attorneys who will call on Monsieur," replied the portly Pierre.

"Your seconds? I'm afraid I don't understand," I complained.

"Monsieur means that you must meet him on the field of honor, Andre," Anton explained. "Leave the matter to me, mon ami, and I shall arrange the time and place."

"You mean that I shall have to fight a duel with him, Anton?" I demanded with horror, for my only knowledge of duels had been gained from the cinema.

"Oui, most certainly, mon ami. No other satisfaction will do for gentlemen, especially where a woman is concerned." Then he turned to the portly Pierre. "If you will have your seconds wait on me, Monsieur, I shall be pleased to make full arrangements with them."

"To you I offer thanks, Monsieur," replied the other. "I shall leave the choice of weapons in your hands, though I prefer either rapiers or single-action pistols."

"It shall be arranged with satisfaction to both," agreed the imperturbable Anton. Since he had only to stand by and watch me get killed, why should he become excited?

The other bowed in reply, then turned to the girl who still stood behind me. "Come, Lucille, I shall attend to your side of the affaire when we get to our rooms."

Preceded by my own Lucille, he turned and left the room. His wife paused for a moment, then, pressing my hand warmly in assurance of her loyalty to me, though I certainly did not want it, she followed them out into the hall.

Standing before the closed door, which seemed to bar me forever from my own Lucille, I absently lighted a cigaret, then dropped dejectedly into a chair. How long I sat there with my head in my hands I do not know, for my mind was a complete vortex of wild thoughts, but at last I became aware that Anton was still in the room and was speaking to me.

"Ah, mon ami, you Americaines are the clever ones," he declared with a light laugh. "Who would think that the quiet Andre Smith, who boasts of loving only one woman, should be found with another in his arms? But you were most careless in allowing her to come here when you expected Lucille."

"Good Lord, Anton; you don't think the same thing they do, do you?" I demanded.

"But what else can be thought, Andre?" he asked. "Violà! You sneer when I say that the girl is pretty and pretend that she does not interest you, then when I come to your room I find her in your arms. It is too much, mon ami, even for old Anton, who is accustomed to such things."

"But I tell you that it's all a mistake, Anton. It's all the fault of that infernal chief garçon. The note I wrote to Lucille was given to this girl, and because her name is also Lucille she thought that it was intended for her and that I was trying to make love to her. Then she came up here and practically flung herself in my arms. Now perhaps you can tell me what to do."

"You should have told her to come back when you were not expecting Lucille."

"But I don't want her to come back," I protested. "I didn't want her to come here in the first place."

"But she did come," pointed out Anton. "Not only did she come, but she also left the note you wrote lying on the table and her husband saw it. Lucille and I met him coming up on the elevator and he was all set to draw blood. So whether you are guilty or not, you have let yourself in for a lot of trouble."

"I have let myself in for trouble?" I repeated hotly. "I think you are the one who has done that. If you had let me alone I would have explained everything, but instead you have to go and arrange for me to fight a duel. What do I know about fighting duels?"

"I am not familiar with all your accomplishments, mon ami, but I do know that Monsieur Pierre Odette is reputed to be one of the best duelists in Paris, with both the gun and sword. If you can't use either of those weapons I shall most likely have to bury you tomorrow."

"But can you and I go and explain the thing to him? You know about the mistake the garçon made. Here, get my hat and I'll find Lucille at once and explain the whole affair to her, then she can get me out of it."

"You forget, mon ami, that the girl was found in your arms and that you were kissing her. Even Lucille will not see you after that. The only thing left to do is to pray for your soul and fight the duel. I know a priest who

lives a short distance from here, and if you like I shall send him to you."

That ended my patience, and picking up a book I threw it at him. He dodged in time for it to miss hitting his head. "Get out and stay out!" I shouted, but the remark was useless, for he was already hastily closing the door behind him.

For the balance of the afternoon I remained in my room, absently drinking white wine and smoking strong Turkish cigarettes. Toward evening I decided that it was time to take matters in my own hands, and sitting down to a desk I penned a letter to Lucille, explaining the situation fully and agreeing to assume all blame for the quarrel at Monte Carlo if she would only come back to me.

Dispatching the letter to her by a bellhop, for I discovered she was also occupying a suite at the Hotel St. Petersburg, I sat down and waited. At the end of five minutes the letter came back—unopened. With it, however, came another note, which I almost tore in my haste to read.

My Own Andre—

I shall forgive the presence of that other woman if you will promise to love me always and not to allow any other to come between us in the future. Come to my room in two hours and I shall be ready to go with you wherever you wish. I am in room No. 47.

Eternally yours,

Lucille.

I read the note through three times before I fully understood that she had not read my letter because she wanted me to know that she continued to love me without that. Some women, I have heard, are that way. Then I looked at my watch and saw that it lacked five minutes of being seven o'clock.

Without bothering to hunt up Anton, for he had gotten me into enough trouble, I started packing my luggage at once. Since Lucille was willing, I decided that we would go to Biarritz and spend the balance of the season there. Those two hours, however, were the longest I had ever known, and long before nine o'clock I had packed and repacked all my luggage three times.

At last, however, the two hours had dragged themselves into history, and after I had made

all preparations for the trip to Biarritz, I went in search of room No. 47. After tipping several bellhops and porters, I finally found myself standing before the door of the room in question. Knocking lightly, I waited with wild expectancy, then slowly the door opened and a blonde head peeped out at me from the dark room beyond.

"Come in softly, mon cher," whispered a feminine voice quietly.

The room was quite dark, and for a moment after I had entered I could distinguish nothing. Then I felt two soft arms steal around my neck and warm lips pressed tightly to my own. Realizing that this was Lucille's way of offering forgiveness, I gathered her tightly in my arms and returned kiss for kiss. For more than five minutes we stood in the dark, locked tightly in each other's arms. Then our love-making was suddenly interrupted by someone switching on the electric light.

Whirling quickly about I saw the portly Monsieur Pierre Odette standing just inside the doorway staring at us accusingly.

"So, Monsieur le Americaine, again I find you with my wife in your arms," he declared.

"Your wife? Why this is—" I turned about as I spoke and as I caught sight of the woman I had been holding in my arms I stopped suddenly. It was Lucille, but not my own Lucille.

"I suppose," declared Odette, "that this is another mistake."

"It most certainly is, Monsieur," I replied.

"Mistakes seem to happen most conveniently for you, Monsieur," he said with a sneer. "I see where I shall be forced to take double satisfaction in the morning. In the meantime, Monsieur, I must request that you leave this room."

"You'll not have to wait until morning, Monsieur, for I intend to give you some satisfaction right away," I replied hotly, for by this time my patience was completely exhausted. Grabbing him by the breast of his shirt, I drew him quickly to me with my left hand, then stopped his forward journey with a sharp punch of my right fist.

The blow sent him sprawling across the floor, and almost instantly I was over him and had dragged him roughly to his feet. When he was able to stand I waited for a moment,

then hit him again, and once more he traveled several feet across the room before he fell.

"Does Monsieur wish further 'satisfaction'?" I asked after I had assisted him to his feet and stood him up ready to hit him again. "If Monsieur has not had enough I shall be pleased to have him consider me at his service."

He made no answer, but his look was sufficient to indicate that he did not wish any further "satisfaction." A ring of deep purple was beginning to form around his left eye and his nose was bleeding profusely. During the brief, one-sided shuffle his coat had been split up the back, the breast of his short was torn out and his collar left hanging by the rear button. He looked at me for a moment through his one good eye like a man in a trance, then staggered over to a sofa and dropped dejectedly upon it.

Lucille—his Lucille—who had stood in a corner of the room and watched the fight with wide, fearing eyes, ran sobbing to him and threw herself at his feet. Then, suddenly, she turned upon me like a tigress.

"You—you beast!" she exclaimed. "Go away where I shall never see you again. Don't stand there as though you thought I was still in love with you, for I don't love, ever! Go away, I say, for you have hurt my poor Pierre."

"Don't worry, he'll get over it," I replied. "And you don't need to fear about me coming back, for if I had known that you were here in the first place I'd never have come. You little fool, I tried to tell you that my wife's name is Lucille and it was she whom I sent that note to. The infernal garçon gave it to you by mistake. Then when I received your letter tonight I thought it was from her, that's why I'm here now. If you and your husband had only listened to my explanation everything would have been all right. Instead of that, your husband had to demand 'satisfaction.' I think he has received enough. If he wants more when he wakes up, tell him to come to my rooms and I'll be glad to oblige him."

"I sent you no letter, Monsieur," she denied quickly.

"Tell that to your husband, maybe he'll believe you," I replied brutally.

With that, I turned to leave the room, but stopped suddenly before I had taken the second step. In the doorway stood Anton and my own Lucille. For a moment we stared at each other, but for a moment only. With a sharp cry of delight, Lucille rushed into my arms.

"Ah, my Andre, I saw and heard everything, and you were so wonderful!" she exclaimed after I had kissed her several times. "I shall never forgive myself for doubting you. I would have come to you sooner, but Anton told me—"

"What did Anton tell you?" I demanded, beginning to see a little light on the whole affair.

"He came to my table early this afternoon, when we were all seated in the tea garden, and told me that you had sent a love note to this horrible creature here, and for me to follow her and see for myself. I did, and you know what I saw. Then when you didn't write to me later—"

"But I did send you a letter," I declared.

"I thought you had when the bellhop came to my door, but Anton answered the knock, and instead of taking the letter the boy handed him, he gave him another. He told me that it was only a letter to him from some woman whom he did not care for. Then tonight he tried to make love to me and asked me to run off with him. I was very angry with you, but I still doubted that you had done all the things he told me, so he brought me here to prove that you were unfaithful. I was so glad to hear you say what you did to that awful man who wanted to hurt you."

I made no reply, but looked around for Anton, intending to give him a little American "satisfaction" also. I sighted him hastily entering an elevator at the end of the hall. Before I could reach him he was gone, and I have never seen him since.

"Do not worry about him, amour," soothed Lucille with a kiss, "for now everything is—what you call him, Hunky Doory?"

I turned and looked back into the room where the second Lucille was nursing the battered head of her portly Pierre in her arms. "Yes," I replied, taking my own Lucille in my arms, "everything is hunky doory."

Oh, Say, Can You See



"Pardon me, Madame, I see you're—"

"No, you don't, I was too quick for you."

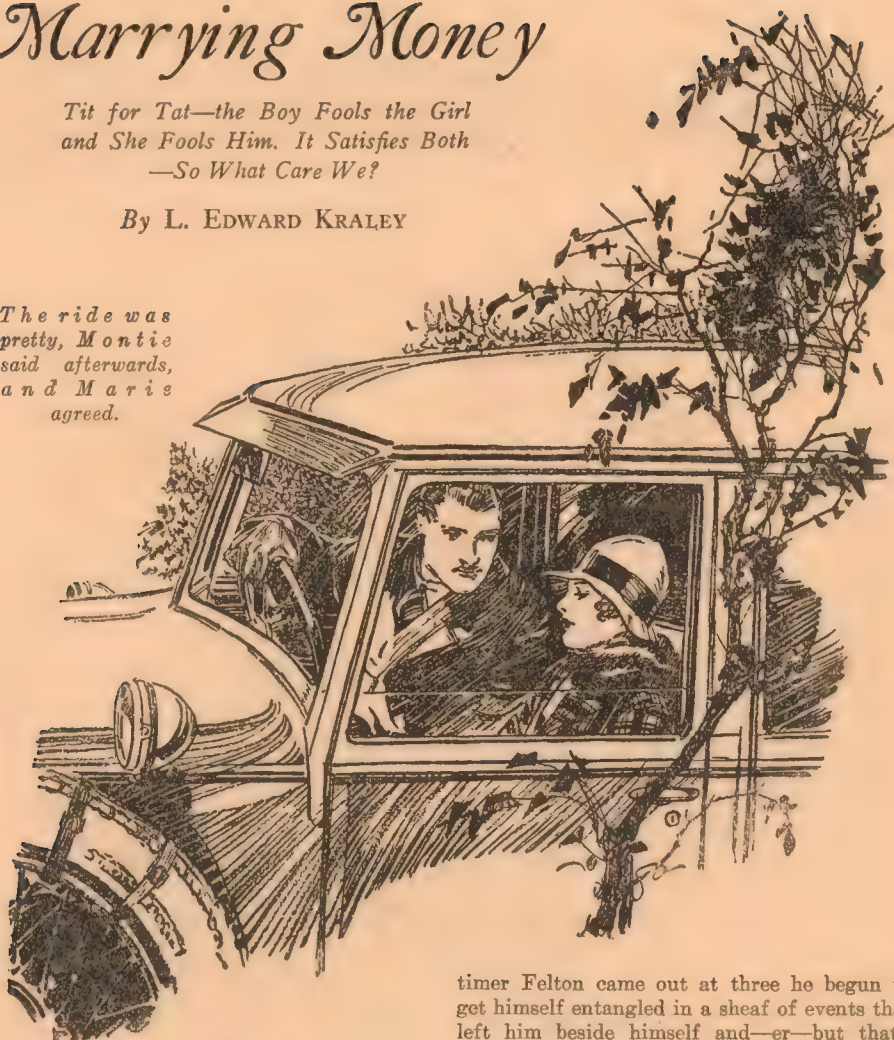


Marrying Money

*Tit for Tat—the Boy Fools the Girl
and She Fools Him. It Satisfies Both
—So What Care We?*

By L. EDWARD KRALEY

*The ride was
pretty, Montie
said afterwards,
and Marie
agreed.*



THE holiday crowd was out in full force on Jefferson Beach on the Fourth and fifth as well. There seemed to be a wild tendency toward the bizarre in colors and types of apparel.

The casual observer would remark with propriety to his neighbor: "I'll bet there's a lot of things happening down there."

And so there were. At any rate, when Mor-

timer Felton came out at three he began to get himself entangled in a sheaf of events that left him beside himself and—er—but that's the story.

He was attired faultlessly in his plum-colored mohair and light panama and sport oxfords, and his clipped and waxed moustache à la Française certainly added to his splendor or whatever it is that captivates those of the opposite sex.

At any rate, he spied Marie De Lancey just at the critical moment when she was drawing her abbreviated skirt over those pretty dimpled

knees of hers from the improper height to which old Boreas had raised it.

She looked up and met his glance. He bowed deferentially, as if to indicate that he had seen nothing; but she was not so easily fooled. His eyes sparkled too brightly. So, the upshot of it all was that a minute later Montie was sitting at her side, shaded by a varicolored umbrella, for which he flippantly tossed the beach boy a dollar note.

Marie liked that. She smiled and said: "You're so much like dad. He tosses money away just as if it were so much trash." An assertion that proved to Montie that Shakespeare was right and that Marie was just the kind of girl that men remember. She had money, or at least her paternal ancestor had, which was the same thing in Montie's opinion.

So all during the afternoon he made the best of opportunities and, in spite of the fact that Marie seemed oh so reserved, and to all appearances did not seem to like to mix in with his kind, he succeeded in making his presence felt and his pocketbook assume a vacuous shape:

"Marie, you are the only girl for me. I have been to all of those affairs that delight society and met them all, but you are the queen of my dreams. May I take you to Fitz-Martin's for dinner at seven?"

But she demurred. Her family did not like to have her mix with just anybody.

"But I am not just anybody. Surely you have heard of the Feltons, of Feltonville. I thought everyone had. We can trace our ancestry back to the Pilgrim Fathers, and if you want to go back further, to Mother Eve."

"Well," Marie yielded evasively, "I'll meet you at Thirty-first and Broadway at six-thirty."

So that was that, and she watched him walk off toward a limousine that looked like a million dollars. He entered it and the thing sped off with a few purrs. He waved at her once and then disappeared around the driveway.

And she sighed a long, relieved sigh. Then, arising, she brushed the sand off her skirt and walked up the boardwalk to the Paladin House. By that time, Montie had driven to the other side of the house and was already screened by the palms. He saw Marie give the high hat to the pesky desk clerk, who yelled "Hello Cutie" at her, and that was enough.

"She's the stuff. Montie, do your worst before she changes her mind and you'll be fixed for quite a while." He whistled a bar of something or another and went forth to seek replenishment of his Book of Knowledge.

They lunched or dined at the Fitz-Martin. It cost Montie a pretty penny and they had champagne to boot. Not that they booted any of it, for it all went where all good-mannered champagne should go. But Montie felt celestial and Marie very little less so.

So, when Montie suggested a ride in his car, they went off quite happy. The ride was pretty, Montie said afterwards, and Marie agreed. His pretty endearments had some effect on her, he felt, and the airy lightness that went to her head from the long-necked bottle helped, perhaps.

At any rate, when a short hour later they stopped at the residence of Dr. Travis Jenkins, of the First Reformed, she did not draw back overmuch.

"Why do we stop here?" she queried in artificial surprise.



They lunched or dined at the Fitz-Martin.

"We're going to be married tonight."

"But you've not got the license."

"Oh, yes I have. I took care of that this afternoon, Marie. All you have to say is 'Yes.'"

He even had the ring, a beauty of a white diamond, and Marie thrilled as it went on her finger. The minister commented on her beauty. And then he threw aside his ministerial dignity to take his due in the form of an osculation at the fountain of her youth.

Montie seemed tickled pink. He had her. She was his very own and she liked it so much. Her only fear seemed to be, "What will the folks say?"

But he steered her clear of it all. Instead, he gave her little time to worry. His endearing words and actions cloyed on her finally and she asked him to take her home.

"I just have to know what they will say, dearest. I never did anything without their consent. Let's go."

He took her to the car and then hesitated after she entered it.

She saw his perturbation and asked quite innocently, "What's wrong now, Montie?"

He still hesitated and then as if deciding on

the spur of the moment, burst out: "I've tricked you, Marie. I am not a young millionaire at all. And this car is not mine. I am only a chauffeur to Mr. Townsley and I only get thirty-five dollars a week."

If he thought his news would startle Marie, he was sorely mistaken, for she burst out laughing.

"Fine. Now I can tell you the truth, too, Montie. My dad is not a plutocrat either. He's only the head porter at Murphy's and I am a maid at the Paladin. I only get fifteen dollars a week."

Montie looked sheepish for a moment and then the humor of the situation permeated through his not too thick skull. He joined in the laughter.

"Well, fifty dollars a week is a lot of money; isn't it, sweetheart?"

And they snuggled in the front seat unmindful of everything until Big Murray, the corner cop, nudged them with his mace.

"Just married, Murray," Montie chirped. And tendering a stogie to the minion of the law, he disengaged himself and the car purred off towards the Paladin.



Not Much

*Now, Rosie's folks are quite averse
To parties, dances and the such;
And so my sweetie's held in check
And doesn't step out—Much.*

*When we step out she always says,
"Now listen, Hon, I'll get in Dutch
If Dad finds out we come in late."
So we don't do it—Much.*

*But Rosie is the kind of girl
Who has that skin you love to touch;
She always balks my first caress,
So I don't do it—Much.*

*Yes, Rosie's morals quite object
To midnight parties and the such,
And so she doesn't sanction it,
That is, she doesn't—Much!*

The Umpire



The Strange Sensation



By F. K. YOUNG

RENE DE MOIREL was overjoyed when informed that he might visit his Aunt Henriette's country place during vacation. He was but eighteen, therefore most agreeable to spending idle hours in laborless effort. Add to this, the prospect of associating with Yvonne and Celeste, his charming young cousins, who had been known to comment favorably upon his manly appearance. Indeed, he had good reason to look forward to the visit with eager anticipation.

Nor was he disappointed. The girls, having lived all their lives in the country, were disposed to have a very friendly feeling toward the young man from the city. And they were even more beautiful than they had been on the occasion of his visit the summer before.

There came a morning, about two weeks after his arrival, when the girls overslept and were late to breakfast.

"Voilà!" exclaimed Aunt Henriette, "those lazy ones are sleeping their heads off again! Such indolence I never knew! Rene, do you go up and wake them, and tell them we are waiting."

"Mais," stammered Rene, with assumed reluctance, "they will be embarrassed if I enter their sleeping chamber."

"Let them be!" replied Aunt Henriette, nodding vigorously. "It will teach them to get up and get dressed when young gentlemen are about."

Secretly joyful yet outwardly doubtful,

Rene mounted the stairs and passed to the girls' chamber. He could scarcely control his excitement as he opened the door softly and walked into the room.

And what a delightful sight met his gaze!—the two sisters lying side by side, both curly heads nestling close on one pillow!

Rene tiptoed to the bed and, for a moment, stood gazing down upon them, scarcely daring to breathe so rapt was he in contemplation.

But a short while later, he descended the stairs in a wild, headlong rush and reappeared before his aunt shaking with laughter. His aunt was alarmed.

"What did you do to them, naughty boy, you?" she demanded, shaking a threatening forefinger. "I heard their screams and exclamations away down here. You need not have tortured them; I asked you merely to wake them!"

"Have no fear, dear aunt," chuckled Rene. "They will be none the worse for the experience. They will be down directly."

And presently, they came! And their cheeks were very red with embarrassment, and their sparkling eyes were flashing fire. Rene they chose to ignore utterly, but directed a steady stream of voluble invectives at the *maman* for ever allowing the naughty boy to enter their chamber.

"And," finished Celeste, "as if that were not enough, he yet dared to remove the coverlets and spank us with bare hands!"

"Eh?" exclaimed the aunt sharply, but with a humorous twinkle in her eye. "He spanked you, you say?"

"In the most intimate manner," said Yvonne. "I am still sore and smarting, so that I shall be obliged to eat déjeuner standing!"

Aunt Henriette choked suddenly and turned her face away. When again she could speak, there was the suspicious sound of a chuckle in her voice.

"You are very clever, Master

very early, and he could but dimly discern the bed in the semi-darkness. Only a mound of bedding, half hidden by shadow, revealed the position of the sleeping girls.

Quickly stripping the quilts up from the footboard and throwing them over the pillows at the head, he ascertained the exact spot, and applied his bare hand vigorously. Again and again he smote, struggling desper-

ately to restrain his mischievous laughter. For all of five minutes he continued the strenuous



Rene," she said. "But I suspect you are much too wise for your younger cousins. Ah, they are but enfantes — they have not learned to appreciate!" . . . And she went about her housework, still chuckling, as if living over in memory gay escapades of her own youth.

The following morning when Rene rose, neither his cousins nor his aunt had put in appearance. Recalling the adventure of the previous morning, he murmured to himself: "Ah, those charming girls are oversleeping again! I must go and rouse them!"

So he mounted the stairs and tiptoed to the chamber occupied by the girls, as he had done on the previous morning. But it was still

exercise, till his hand was lame and smarting, and he was in danger of becoming breathless.

Yet, for a wonder, the girl did not wake up! Indeed, she seemed not even disturbed by the spanking. It occurred to Rene that he should divide the treatment, and give the other cousin an equal amount. He felt for her in the darkness, but—alas—she was not there!

Greatly mystified, the young man continued to spank the first recumbent figure, applying his hand more vigorously than before. Then, suddenly, he was stopped by sounds of tem-

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He was to visit his aunt's country place and to associate with his two cousins.

Paris Night---In Jail

*How a Slight Oversight Caused
a Night of Torture and Agony*

By HI SIBLEY



A WHIFF of carbolie soap from our dog brings back a night in wartime Paris. The dog wasn't there, but the whiff was—and aplenty.

Shortly after midnight early in June, 1915, I had attempted a short cut from the Champs Élysées to my little hotel in the rue Caumartin. The theory was good, but practice was something else again, for Parisian side streets have the Boston complex. Besides, they were unlighted and absolutely deserted.

Inside of six blocks I became hopelessly lost and concluded to stand still until somebody chanced along to lead me out of the wilderness.

Presently two somebodies approached through the darkness. They happened to be gendarmes. Here was great luck. They might have been apaches.

"Vos papiers, s'il vous plait, m'sieu?" one of them asked politely, as he eyed me sharply.

My papers—good Lord; I'd left left them at the hotel!

"Votre permis de séjour?" asked the other, also politely.

I made a pretense of going through my pockets, simulating surprise at not finding the documents. And then, with an ingratiating "heh—heh!" I explained in my best Fraser & Squair French where my "permission to reside" and passport were.

"Me to the hotel take, if it you pleases, and

I will you the papers show," I suggested in French—after a fashion.

They ignored the suggestion, and after going into a huddle, they politely, but firmly, requested me to accompany them. This seemed about the only thing to do, inasmuch as both carried monstrous automatics and short swords—short, but still long enough to go clean through my widest dimension.

We entered an ancient building through a side door and I was taken before some sort of desk sergeant. He asked innumerable questions rapidly in French. I understood only a fraction of what he wanted. But he, too, refused me any communication with my hotel. This was getting serious. My civilian clothes didn't help at a time when nine-tenths of the male population was in uniform. In another day I would have been wearing an American ambulance brassard.

My watch, fountain pen, money and jack-knife were taken from me and wrapped in my handkerchief. Then I was ushered down a long, damp corridor and locked in a small, damp cell. It was furnished with a concrete bunk running along two sides, a thin burlap pallet and seventeen distinct and robust smells, the carbolie predominating. A small barred window near the high ceiling gave view to a small areaway.

The jailer closed the door, locked it with an

enormous key, and his footsteps echoed down the corridor.

Here was a fine kettle of frog legs. I had friends at Neuilly and acquaintances at the hotel, probably not over a mile away, but couldn't get word to either. Besides, I was locked up for a slight lapse of memory. While ruminating on this, footsteps approached. Aha, they thought better of holding an innocent American citizen incommunicado, or something. The idea probably was to give me a scare and let me go, as was the custom in the jolly old United States.

But the jailer closed the door and stood with his back to it as he demanded my necktie and belt.

What the ?—suddenly I remembered reading a week before of a captured German spy who had hung himself successfully with his suspenders. Rather clever to manage it with a pair of elastic galluses.

Could I be under suspicion as a spy? Impossible! Such things might happen to others, but not to me—never. Still, drastic measures were the rule in wartime. *C'est la guerre!* They'd have some trouble finding a blank wall, anyway—what with the everlasting *Défense de Fumer* posters.

My pipe and tobacco having been taken from me, there was nothing to do but hold my nose and think. At a time like this the mind races along myriad channels, but always comes back to the same point. What would the morrow bring? They might wake me early, but not to be Queen of the May.

While thus engaged for about an hour the turnkey clanked the door open again and thrust in a playmate. He was a lean, rickety customer, with scraggy moustache and large pale optics that stared at me without seeming to see anything. Old Fish-eye didn't inspire confidence, inasmuch as his eyes never left me from the time he entered the cell until he dropped off into a doze. He sat scrunched up in the farthest corner, plucking at his whisk-

self-protection and as a matter of pride, I stared back, but he had the bulge on me, as I had no whiskers to pluck. Neither of us uttered a word. It was a deadlock.

When the turnkey's footsteps had died away down the corridor I felt extremely nervous for the first time since landing in an embattled country. My queer cellmate was much larger than me, and although emaciated to a point where he might easily have been snapped in two, undoubtedly he possessed the mysterious strength of a maniac.

It must have been toward dawn when he began to nod and finally fell asleep. As soon as he began a hacking snore I dozed off too. My dreams were not pleasant—a jumble of eyes and whiskers and smells and a firing squad at sunrise.

I awoke with a start. Which is according to precedent in stories of this kind. The turnkey was rattling the lock. I sat up abruptly. My hour had come. But it wouldn't take an hour, the way I felt at the moment.

But he had not come for me. He motioned to Fish-eye. They were going to take Fish-eye away to be shot. I was glad of that, for in redolence he rose magnificently above the seventeen resident odors of that cell.

Possibly two hours passed before they came for me. It seemed like two days. The sun had mounted rather high for a fashionable execution when I was led forth. Still without tie, belt, trinkets and hat, a firing party of one escorted me from the ancient jail and through the populous morning streets. My hair was tousled; my clothes rumpled. I had not even been permitted to wash. Pedestrians turned to stare at us with the frank curiosity of the Parisian. The experience was not comfortable. I had rather fancied riding backwards in a red cart, like Sydney Corton. It was very unromantic.

We seemed to be a long way from the blank wall district. Nothing but the shuttered fronts of confisseries and boulangeries along here, closed during the war. A *boucherie*, at least, would have made an
(Continued on
page 46)



ers with a bony paw, staring at me with a detached but nevertheless disconcerting gaze. For





If Solomon thought the Queen of Sheba was the—well, why care? But he was a wise guy, as it were, in "Chi."



Hold everything! Mary Noland, of Universal, nearly let her —— fall. She is wondering if anyone, especially the camera, was looking.



Here's to the kiss that satisfies,
And never bites your tongue;
And the jab of a swift electric shock
That makes one young.

Here's to the roving, gay young sheik,
And the flapper who kisses well;
But d—— the pair who will play the Game
And then go tell.



Austria contributes this photo of a favorite artists' and sculptors' model. She prefers to keep her identity a secret. An entrancing, beautiful blonde, with a lithe figure.



Melle Mynka, as an acrobatic dancer, is quite the rage abroad. She is well-known in theatrical circles.



A dainty girl who you would like to hug if given the chance, and Sally Blane Wampas might not object.



Olive Borden is going to make your eyes bulge in the near future.
Be patient, Olive says, you'll be surprised.



Step this way, folks, and focus your glasses on the latest from Paris. The young lady above is known only as the "Girl with the High Hat."

THE Miss Deane

(Continued from page 8)

home, he had found it closed. The Deanes were gone. Inquiries had brought him up against a blank wall. "Mary Deane? The Mary Deane." But no one vouchsafed an explanation of the epithet, so in desperation, hearing that the Deanes were abroad, he had followed them and in Paris discovered Charles Deane and his new wife, pretty, shallow Irene. He called again and again, but never found them at home and strangely he heard that Mary was not with them. He questioned his friends, but no one knew her whereabouts. Some had heard that she was at the Riviera, so, heart weary, he had gone there. And now, this . . .

The storm of sobs died down. Mary lifted a tear-stained face to Jack and all the agony of the ages clung to her big eyes. She said piteously, "You see, I am Mary de Roquebrune. It would always be like this. You'd better forget me . . ." with a rush she sped down the uneven street, past the dazed man, who stared after her with agonized eyes.

EXCITEMENT ran high at the Casino. Both Mary and the Count had had an extraordinary run of luck and both became the cynosure of all eyes. It was whispered that little Marie, as some called her, was about to follow the dashing young Count to Italy, his government, urged by the old Count, having issued peremptory orders for his return. Carlo's father had been alarmed at the reports about his son and the notorious Mary de Roquebrune—*The Miss Deane*.

Diane de Lys, escorted by the Duke, was watching Mary play and wondered why the girl looked so thin and nervous. Then her eyes strayed to the high mantel where the forbidding figure of an American was leaning heavily. His eyes were world-weary and unutterably sad, his mouth bitter as he watched the young girl play and saw the dashing Count hover over her with an air of possession which maddened him.

At the other end of the table, where Mary could not see him, but from where he could watch the girl's every move, sat Billy Fenton, his shifty eyes wandering from Jack to Mary and back to the handsome Count.

A hand on his arm made Jack start from his gloomy thoughts. "Please, Jack, don't take it so hard. Do come with us," and Mrs. Carlton looked pleadingly at the young man. "I wish I could do something for her—in spite of everything, I still believe in her."

"I don't," bitterly, "but I'll see this thing through, no matter what the cost."

With a sigh Mrs. Carlton moved on and joined Lorna Gray, who was leaning over Mary, watching her game intently, profiting from her luck.

Zero had come four times already and each time Mary had won the maximum. The game went on. People left the other tables to watch Mary and the Count. Then the croupier stopped and consulted with the head man, who hastened to close the game until more money could be brought from the vaults. The bank at Mary's table had run out of funds.

People in the public rooms heard of the wonderful streak of luck Mary was having and crowded into the entrance of the Salle Schmidt to get a glimpse of the notorious Mary de Roquebrune. Little stacks of gold kept piling up at Mary's elbow. Long since she had stopped using five franc pieces and had been staking plaques (one hundred franc pieces) in little piles of fifty and each time the white ball stopped her winnings increased. She put them on straight, crosswise, full on the number, still she won—until at last, with a little sigh, she picked up her winnings with trembling hands and stuffed them into her beaded bag, then into Carlo's large silk handkerchief. The Count helped her rise and as she walked out between excited groups of people, Mary felt a hand detaining her: "Mary . . ." and Jack's voice broke.

"I beg your pardon," the girl's face froze. With a gesture of despair he let go his hold and she went on with the Count, but at the door she stopped, stunned. A handsome middle-aged man entered accompanied by a young woman, dressed with extraordinary good taste. They were Americans, wealthy and well bred. A flash of startled recognition passed between them. Then untold agony appeared in the man's eyes and mute pleading in the woman's, mingled with remorse, but they went on, ignoring Mary, who held her ground, head held high, cheeks crimson. The Count felt her trembling against him and wondered what new trouble had come. He murmured, "What is it now, dearest?"

"I am very tired, Carlo, take me home—quick," almost sobbed the girl, biting her lip to restrain the tears that threatened.

They went out. Billy Fenton said a word to his fair companion and they left the table. When they passed the handsome American couple Billy uttered a gasp. His eyes met those of his sister. Then he leered at her—and was gone.

"DARLING. At last. I am so happy," whispered the Count, kissing the girl's cold lips. "Let it be tonight, then, and by tomorrow we will be in Italy on the way to our own dove cot. I shall love you to death, my beloved. And now, I must go and get ready, but I will be back in less than an hour. You darling . . ."

"Please go now, Carlo," pleaded Mary, for he showed his reluctance to leave her.

"Why not come with me, dearest; let Claire put a few things in a bag. She can follow tomorrow with the rest of your things. I hate to leave you, even for an hour. What with all this money in the house, I am uneasy." . . .

"Nonsense, besides most people think I still live at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo. Few know of my cottage. And—please, give me a little time to myself before. . . ."

After another shower of kisses, under which she writhed—she thought she must scream under his caresses—Mary felt herself free of the Count's passionate embrace. He was at the door blowing kisses. The portiere swayed, then stood still.

Mary sank on a couch with a sigh. Claire came in on tip-toe, "Madame wishes?"

The girl woke up as if from a trance. "Close the shutters, Claire, and bolt the door, then . . ." But the tinkle of the door bell interrupted her. A frown of annoyance crossed the girl's face, she thought Carlo had come back for her. She must have time to prepare herself for this sacrifice. In her innermost heart she knew that she would never have yielded to Carlo's entreaties had it not been for the fact that her father and step-mother had come to Monte Carlo. She simply could not face them again. She must hide her shame and what better place than in Rome with Carlo. Yet—Carlo. When her soul called out to Jack, when her lips hungered for his kisses and her ears for the music of his voice! Carlo loved her—he would shield her from the ugly world. . . .

"Billy!" an agonized scream broke from Mary.

"Yes, me," leered the man. "I haven't much time; must call on that pretty sister of mine yet, but first hand over the roll you got tonight. With dear Carlo providing for you, you won't need that coin. . . ."

Mary recoiled from him in horror. It was evident that he had been drinking. He had come back into her life; she thought he had gone for good. How could he face his sister! Billy came closer to the girl, she felt his hot, whiskey-laden breath on her face. A shiver of disgust ran through her, "Go away, I won't give you that money." She ducked, he tried to catch her and she ran for the gun she always kept in the drawer of the library table, but Billy was quicker and his hand closed with an iron grip on her wrist.

"Claire," moaned Mary, "Help, call the police."

No use, Sis, Ethel is fixing Claire. Now will you give it up?"

"No; I won't. Carlo will be here in a moment and—"

"Sorry to disappoint you, Sis, but friend Carlo's gone home with his Poppa, who fetched him with two huskies as he got into his car. He must be well on his way to dear old Rome by now."

"You lie!"

"Have it your own way, Sis, but," and the malevolent glance swept over her for a moment, then she felt her arm break under the pressure he was exerting. With her nearness, his passion

for her dominated him and he tried to kiss her lips. Ethel ran into the room, flourishing a scarf, which she quickly bound over Mary's mouth.

The girl still fought on, realizing that with Carlo gone, she could not let Billy strip her of every penny she had made so painfully. She saw Ethel inspect the beaded bag and stuff the silk handkerchief full of gold pieces into her own bag, then she watched her disappear into the bedroom and come back with a handful of valuable jewels which had been given her by Carlo. With a triumphant grin, the pair went to the door.

Mary made another effort to loosen her gag and succeeded in screaming. The door opened to let Billy pass, some one pushed it from the outside and was catapulted into the room. She saw him grappling with a man. Ethel promptly fled with the booty, leaving Billy to his fate.

The two men fought like beasts, swaying back and forth. In a flash Mary recognized Jack in Billy's assailant. Then she saw Billy's hand steal toward his hip pocket and screamed, "Look out, Jack—his gun."

Before Jack could act, Billy had the gun in hand and a shot went off, striking a huge mirror, shattering it to bits. Jack fought for control of the gun and in the battle slowly pressed the muzzle against Billy's breast. Another shot rang out, echoed by a terrified scream. Jack felt Billy's body relax, he let go his hold, the man sank to the floor. Jack knelt down, put his hand over Billy's heart and gasped, "He's dead!"

Outside there was a rush of feet and the lone gendarme, aroused by the shots, entered the room, promptly placing Jack under arrest with a flourish, "In the name of the law." The room filled with people and at last, after staring their fill, unheeding Jack's pleadings, they decided to release Mary of her bonds. By this time, the reluctant gendarme was convinced that Jack had aided in a heroic rescue and was willing to set him free—temporarily, but keeping his eyes on him to prevent his escape.

"Who is the lady?" he queried.

"My fiancée, Miss Mary Deane," proudly replied Jack in broken French.

An "A-a-h," went up as the good old priest, roused from his slumber, came in buttoning his frock and carrying his prayer book.

"Father," and Jack turned to him, "will you please marry us—now? It is most urgent."

"But, my son . . . the law. . . ."

"Never mind the law, Father, I want the right to protect this young lady. She is alone in the world and I mean to marry her—now."

"Very well. You are—er—both Americans. Very good. Very good." The old priest rubbed his hands, as he visioned a large fee for his poor. Then opening the prayer book, he told the young people to kneel in front of him. There, with the dead man at the lovers' feet, with the astounded gendarme watching and the motley crowd in various stages of undress, Jack Stanton and Mary Deane, *The Miss Deane*, were united in holy matrimony.

ON THE Terrace of the Hotel des Palmes at San Remo, under a starry sky, with the shrill piping of tree frogs mingling with the rattle of pebbles being swept back into the sea with the incoming tide, Mary and Jack leaned against the railing.

In the dim recesses of the terrace, shaded by huge palms, Irene Deane leaned against her husband. Her soul purged by confession, confident of the love of the man she had dreaded to lose through her brother's crime, she looked happy and contented now that the shadow of impending evil had gone forever.

"Dearest, I always believed in you. I think I showed that by marrying you with that dead man at my feet."

"Thank God, you did, Jack. When Dad turned me out of the house the night Billy came to blackmail Irene, and father came home unexpectedly—I got her out of the way and father found us together. I refused to explain things, he thought I had strayed and drove me out of the house. I went to Paris and there nearly starved."

Jack gave her hand a tiny squeeze and she went on, "I knew that if I accused Irene of meeting Billy on the sly, as she had done previously, he would not believe it. He did not know she had a brother. I had strongly resented her taking mother's place, he loved her very much and I could not break his heart."

"I was starving when I met Diane and—you know the rest."

"Tell me, Mary, would you have gone off with that Count if things had not interfered?"

"I had promised him I would," she replied fearlessly. "You see, when father and Irene walked into the Casino that night, I could not bear the thought of meeting them again and I feared I would not be strong enough to withhold the truth. I loved you and could not think of spoiling your life by marrying you. Carlo loved me, I was so weary—and it seemed the only way out. But I know that I should never have lived through the ordeal."

"Hush, sweetheart," Jack caught her to his heart, "all that is past and gone. Your father cleared your name at home. Now that you are my wife, nothing can part us and never will the faintest breath of scandal again bring you unhappiness."

With a contented sigh, Mary nestled closer to Jack. The moon decided to hide behind a cloud and in the gathering shadows, lips met lips, past and present were forgotten in the merging of two souls.

TOO SKIMPY FOR THE BEACH

"What's this I hear about Ellen being arrested?"

"She wore her dinner gown down to the beach and the cop said her costume was far too immodest."

A HOT NECKER

The waiter slipped and upturned a dish of hot spinach down the patron's neck. The victim sprang to his feet, bent over, clawed his neck, turned, twisted and shook from stern to stern.

"To all appearances he has the Saint Vitus," remarked a collegian.

"Ah, no," murmured another wit, "he has the spin itch."

* * *

He who laughs last, often wonders what the joke was about.

* * *

Most any man can apologize when in the right, but it takes a hero to admit that he was wrong.

* * *

COUNTED OUT

Wife (awakening, at violent nudge): "What—what is it?"

Hubby (fight fan, dreaming): "Gee, you're a real knockout, kid!"

Wife (sighing): "I shall discharge her in the morning—what a pity, so competent, too."

* * *

SEALING THE AGREEMENT

She: "Your moustache looks like a faintly dotted line."

Him: "Do you love me?"

She: "Of course."

Him: "Marry me?"

She: "Well—I guess so."

Him: "Then sign on the dotted line."

* * *

BEWARE!

Love thy neighbor,

But have a care,

Lest her husband come

And find you there.

* * *

Monday is washday, but most gold diggers do their "cleaning" some time between Saturday night and Monday morning.

* * *

STATIC

Chicken to chicken

And bird to bird;

Soup should be seen

But never heard.

Does a petting party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? At last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel" Page 199.



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BAD BUTTER

Once a maid whose last name was O'Farrell
Went in for a swim sans apparel;
But a naughty goat chose
To eat most of her clothes—
So she had to go home in a barrel.

* * *

TURN TO THE RIGHT

She: "Are you left-handed?"
He: "No; I just had time for half a manicure."

* * *

VERY GOOD, EDDIE

Mother: "Eddie took you a nice ride and showed you a very nice time, last night, I'll warrant?"

Daughter: "Yes, indeed, mumsy; I enjoyed every inch of it."

* * *

JUST TWO-HANDED

She: "I played pinochle last night with my husband."

He: "Which won?"

She: "How many do you think I've got!"

* * *

WHO KNOWS?

Maid (to wife, after family row): "Do you think he has gone for good, madam?"

Wife: "I doubt it."

* * *

THE FALSE ALARM

He (telephoning): "What do you say we take in the Fireman's Ball tonight?"

She: "Really, I haven't a thing to put on."

He: "I'll be right over."

* * *

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK

Daughter: "Mother, did you hear those terrible mice squeaking in the hall last night when Richard was here?"

Mother: "Yes; dear."

Daughter: "Gracious, I was so frightened I never took my feet off the davenport all evening."

* * *

TAXI COSTS

"A hug in a taxi,"

Said Johnny Blaine;

"Costs many a guy

His watch and chain!"

* * *

It looks serious when a girl wants to learn how to cook and wash dishes.

OH!

One girl took sick but she was wise,
She knew she needed exercise.
For health, just walking can't be beat,
So every night she walks the street.

* * *

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

"Where do you bathe?"
"In the spring."
"I asked you where?"

* * *

IF THEY CAN FEED THEM

Henpecking sends many a husband to the chickens.

* * *

JUST WAIT!

She: "You are not feeling well tonight, are you, dearie?"

He: "I haven't started yet!"

* * *

ALL ALIKE

I've got a girl,
Her name is Flo,
When she says, "Stop!"
She means stop being slow.

* * *

LOVE IS BLIND

"Congratulate me! I'm now the father of a bouncing boy."

"But I thought that yours was a companionate marriage?"

"So it was, but the stork couldn't read the contract."

* * *

A TOUGH CUSTOMER

"During the reign of the inquisition a Scotchman was put to torture on the rack."

"Ah, they stretched him?"

"They tried to, but he wouldn't give."

* * *

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Sheik: "Hey, what are you stopping here for?"

Taxi Driver: "I thought I heard the lady say stop, sir."

Sheba: "I wasn't talking to you!"

* * *

SHE'S SHY

There's none so modest
As Bertha Trath,
She puts on blinders
When she takes a bath.

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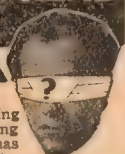
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Paris Night---In Jail

(Continued from page 32)

appropriate backstop for the business in hand. After we had walked far enough to bring us to the Marne, my escort steered me into what appeared to be an arsenal. So it was to be an inside job. Or else he was going in for more cartridges.

But it was no arsenal. I was taken before a very grave and dignified official—that is, as grave and dignified as a Frenchman can be. In a long, polite discourse he explained what a serious offense I had committed against la republique by wandering about without identification papers. How were the officers to know I was not an enemy of France? How were they to know, if permitted outside communication, whether or not I was talking to a confederate? Yes, darn it; how were they to know when I couldn't convince them in my limited French?

After much one-sided argument I at last prevailed upon the commissionaire to telephone my hotel. In half an hour a boy appeared with the precious papers. I was in great suspense as they were examined minutely. The firing party, the commissionaire and two other officials went into private conference.

And when they turned to me I could see that everything was right in the world. The firing party, cheated of the morning bag, nevertheless handed back my belongings with good grace. Every item was intact, to the last sou. And exulting in the beauty of life, I walked out into the sunshine.

SURE POP!

My little boy, aged only fourteen years, saw a dog ki-yi-ing down the street with a tin can and an old shoe tied to his tail, and turning to me asked innocently:

"I say, Old Top, is he just married?"

* * *

STYLE—STYLE—STYLE!

"The girls of today,"

Remarked Jerry Kile;

"Would dress in fig leaves

If they were in style."

The Strange Sensation

(Continued from page 30)

pestuous mirth being smothered in the coverlet. Jerking it roughly from head and face, he stared, unable to believe his own eyes.

The person whom he had been spanking was neither Celeste nor Yvonne, but his Aunt Henriette! Now she struggled to her elbow, with very red face and tears in her eyes from much suppressed laughing.

"You!" he exclaimed. "Mon Dieu!" I did not know! I did not know! Surely, dear aunt, you will forgive me!—just say you forgive!"

"And what is there to forgive?" demanded the aunt between chuckles. "It is better that I should thank you, you young scamp! Of course, you could not know that I made Celeste and Yvonne change beds with me for the night. But how else was I to get an opportunity to enjoy the strange sensation?—how else was I to renew my long-vanished youth? . . . Ah, my dear boy, how I smart and burn! And what a delightful time you have given me! Come, now, give your foolish old aunt a warm, loving kiss, and I shall feel that I have enjoyed an amorous adventure!"

And Rene, still filled with wonder and greatly mystified, clasped his "renewed" aunt in his strong, young arms and delivered a hearty osculation. Truly, the nature of woman was beyond all understanding!

A modern coat-of-arms for some of our new millionaires should be a ship in a circle of bottles.

* * *

INFORMATION

Agent: "You dance and sing well enough for the chorus, but before I can hire you, you will have to be looked over by the manager."

Chorus Girl: "What for?"

Agent: "Oh, it's a matter of form; that's all."

* * *

QUITE SECLUDED

Aunt: "I trust you do not park with boys on dark public highways?"

Flapper Niece: "No, indeed, Aunt; we never see a soul where we park."



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* * *

OUT OF TURN

Pa: "Well built, isn't she?"

Ma: "Huh! What are you? The building inspector?"

* * *

BUT WHO STOPS

Bill: "When her face turns red does that mean danger?"

John: "Not if you stop."

* * *

NO WORSE

May: "Do you care for sports?"

Fay: "Oh, I guess they're about as good as other fellows."

* * *

IT WAS TOO LATE

Mother: "Why didn't you walk home from that auto ride?"

Flapper: "We went too far."

* * *

HANDS OFF!

Abel: "Pardon me, but your garter has slipped. Let me adjust it."

Mabel: "You can't pull anything of that kind on me."

* * *

A HAIRPIN SLIPPED

Gale (reading): "What does it mean here where it says that her face fell?"

Dale: "Oh, I suppose she was having it lifted."

* * *

POWDERING

Criss: "I'll bet you got an eye-full when you blundered into the chorus girls' dressing room."

Cross: "No; I couldn't see them for dust."

* * *

HE FOLLOWS THE PONIES

The teacher was trying to get a pupil to use the word harness in a sentence, but none seemed to know the meaning of the word. Finally she called on little Johnny.

"Johnny, what is it your father puts on a horse?"

"Every cent he can get, teacher," promptly replied Johnny.

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